SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The Escapade opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Slecum, a Puritan miss, and Lord Carrington of England, but in their life after settling in England. The scene is placed, just following the revolution, in Carrington castle in England. The Carringtons, after a house party, engaged in a family tilt, caused by jealousy.

CHAPTER II.-Lord Carrington and his wife each made charges of faithless-ness against the other in continuation of the quarrel.

CHAPTER III.—First objecting against playing cards with the guests, Lady Carrington agreed to cut cards with Lord Strathgate, whose attentions to Elien had become a sore point with Carrington. The loss of \$100,000 failed to perturb her, and her husband then cut for his wife's I. O. U. and his honor, Carrington winning. The incident closed except that a liking for each other apparently arose between Lady Carrington and Lord Strathgata.

CHAPTER IV-Additional attention of Lord Carrington to Lady Cecil y and Lord Stratogate to Lady Carrington compelled the latter to you that she would leave the

CHAPTER V.-Preparing to fiee, Lady Carrington and her chum Deborah, an American sitl, met Lord Strathgate at two a.m., he agreeing to see them safely

CHAPTER VI.—Ellen fied, Strathgate driving. He attempted to take her to his castle, but site left him stunned in the road when the carriage meets with an accident. She and Debbie then struck out for Perismouth, where she intended to sail for America.

CHAPTER VII-Hearingnews of Eilen's light. Lords Carrington Seton set out in

CHAPTER VIII.—Seton, locating a fishing village, hit the trail of Ellen and Debble. He then rented a fast vessel and storied in pursuit, Carrington pursuing Strathgate.

CHAPTER IX.—Strathgate, bleeding from fall, dashed on to Portsmouth, for which Carrington, Ellen and Seton were also headed by different routes.

CHAPTER X.-Strathgate arrived in Portamouth in advance of the others, finding that Ellen's ship had sailed be-fore her.

CHAPTER XL-Strathgate and Carrington each hired a small yealt to purme the wrong vessel, upon which each supposed Ellen had sailed.

CHAPTER XIL-Seton overtook the fugitives near Portsmouth, but his craft ran aground, just us capture was imminent

CHAPTER XIII.—Ellen won the chase by boarding American vessel and foiling her pursuers—Strathgate, Seton and Car-ringtom Carrington and Strathgate, thrown together by former's wrecking of latter's vessel, engaged in an impromptu duel, neither being hurt.

CHAPTER XIV.

Admiral Kephard Joins the Pursuit. We left Sir Charles Seton hard and fast in his boat on the shoal. Sir Charles had nothing to do but study the ocean and observe that which transpired upon it, for a few moments of hard work convinced worthy Master Whibley that only the rising tide would float his vessel. Sir Charles saw the whole drama enacted before him. He saw Ellen run down the Flying Star; he saw that vessel's way checked; he could see Deborah followed by Ellen clamber aboard. He marked the other two boats chasing down the channel and made a shrewd guess that one carried Carriagton and the other Strathgate. He saw the collision, although of course he was too far away to know who was responsible or what was happening. He even saw the smoke from the two pistols which were discharged by the belligerents on the boat and after a time detected the report faintly, but other than that he knew nothing.

It was some time before the rising tide coupled with their own tremendous exertion got the boat off the shoal. Sir Charles had had plenty of time to mature his plans. He knew that Ellen was on that ship. He guessed that Carrington and Strathgate had gone back to Portsmouth. if one or the other, or both of them had not been killed in that interchange of pistol shots, and he surmised that the first duty to which they would devote themselves would be to see which one could kill the other.

He therefore determined to chase the ship. Not in his own boat, oh, no! He had a better plan than that A ready and resourceful man was Sir Charles Seton. And while he was deep bowing and following the lieutenant as Carrington might say." ly in love with Mistress Debble, the until he was ushered past the marine more in love because through Ellen's persistence his sweetheart had been, as it were, dragged out of his arms unattainable to his pursuit of her, yet passion, jealousy and hatred as were Carrington and Strathgate. He knew that Mistress Debbie despised men of come in, "giad to see you, man. Sit the Strathgate stamp, and although down. John,"-to the servantthat Mistress Debbie despised men of everything in petticoats was fair game for Strathgate, he also knew that the earl was on this occasion bent toward haps you army men affect port." Lady Etlen. Therefore, he was in a saner and brighter mood than the had in something stronger than port. other two.

Not far away lay the great ships of Admiral Kephard. The admiral had Charles?" continued the admiral as he announced his intention of posting down to Portsmouth by couch. The first thing he would do when he arrived would be to board his nagahip which lay at the head of the line of a dozen little ships several miles away from the place where Sir Charles had taken ground. Sir Charles reasoned that the admiral would be in a hurry to get to Portsmouth and that even if he did not press the post boys, he would probably have reached his ship by the time

Sir Charles could get there.

Therefore, he possessed his soul in such patience as he could until his own boat once more got under way. He had bidden Master Whibley to mark well the course of the merchantman upon which Ellen and Deborah



"I Am Sir Charles Seton."

had taken refuge. This ship headed steadily eastward and seemed to have settled down for a long voyage.

It took but a short time for Sir Charles to run alongside the Britannia. Bidding the men wait for him. he scrambled up the battens to the gangway and stepped aboard.

An officer met him at once. "I am Sir Charles Seton," began the soldier, "captain in the Sussex light infantry."

"I am pleased to see you, sir," answered the officer, courteously, extending his hand. "I am Lieutenant Col-

Her of the royal navy." As Sir Charles shook the sallor's hand he asked:

"Is Admiral Kephard on the ship?" "Yes, sir. He came aboard a half an hour ago and went immediately to

his cabin." "May I see him?"

"I'll send your name in. Mr. Mortlake," said the officer, turning about. A smart midshipman ran across the deck and touched his cap.

"My compliments to Admiral Kephard and say to him that Captain Sir Charles Seton of the Sussex light Infantry desires the privilege of speech with him."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the midshipman, saluting again and scurrying aft "Might I ask you, Mr. Collier," said

Sir Charles, "if the Britannia is ready for instant service?" The lieutenant smiled.

"All his majesty's ships are ready for service at any time,"

"Yes, yes, I know, of course," returned Seton, "but what I mean is. could this ship be got under way at once?"

"On the instant."

"And is she prepared for a cruise?" "She could go around the world and take her departure within an hour," returned the lieutenant with a pleased sense of demonstrating the efficiency of his majesty's navy beyond peradventure. "May I ask why you wish to know?" he continued turning to Sir Charles.

This was an embarrassing question, but Sir Charles was saved the necessity of answering, for the midshipman came running to the quarterdeck once more and saluted.

"Well?" said the officer to the expectant boy.

"Admiral Kephard's compliments to you, sir, and he begs you will escort Captain Seton to his cabin of once." "You're in luck, captain," returned

the officer, "the admiral is not always so easy of access. Will you step this way, sir?" "After you, sir," said Sir Charles,

orderly on duty and into the admiral's cabin.

The admiral was just completing and therefore added the value of the his toilet. His body servant was helping him on with his coat. He had he was not in addition blinded by evidently just had a bath to refresh him after the fatigues of his journey.

"Ob, Seton," he cried as the other "fetch out a decanter of many sherry. Whisky, Seton, whisky, although per-

I guess we can rollow the navy's

laughed Sir Charles. "What brought you here, Sh poured out a liberal glassful for Seton and another for himself. "I left you at Carrington. But, no, 1 remember you rode away before I did, just after my lord. Have you come on any trace of fugitives?"

"Admiral," said Sir Charles, grave ly, "I know where they are,"

"And that damned lubberly hound Strathgate, is he-" "Ho isn't with thom. They gave

him the slip."

"You don't say? Good!" laughed the the Sussex light Infantry, captain in

admiral. "How was that?"

stances as he had deduced them. "Well done, that woman has spirit the Britannia under way at once?" enough," continued the old soldier, "to command a frigate. You will never "Are the rest of the fleet to follow convince me that she's taken up with us?" a man of Strathgate's caliber."

"She went away with him, though," said Seton thoughtfully.

"Ay ay, but she knows no more of the world than a baby. She simply made use of his proffered assistance return." to escape from an intolerable situation. You take me, Seton?"

"I do, admiral, and I confess I hardly blame her. How Carrington could tolerate Lady Cecily for a moment beside that splendld woman-

"To say nothing of that other splendid woman, Mistress Deborah Slocum, eh, Seton?"

"I admit, admiral--"

"Even 'Saints' Rest' becomes heavenly when looked at by the aid of such a pair of black eyes? And the lady, boy?"

"I confess, sir," answered Seton, somewhat abashed by the frank questioning of the old man, "that I have some reason to believe, in short-"

"In short, my boy, you've been chasing her all night, have you?"

"You're right, sir." "And what now?"

"I told you, admiral, that I knew where they were."

"Well, where are they? Out with it, lad. Disclose your information and come to the point. All these side isaues are unworthy of a soldier." laughed the old seaman, well knowing that for most of them he was respon-

"They're on a merchant ship bound up the channel and going fast when I saw them last."

"What?" cried the admiral. "Give me the particulars."

Sir Charles rapidly ran over the scene of the morning.

The old admiral threw back his head | tress Deborah Slocum." and laughed.

"And she outwitted you all, shook Strathgate off the track, led you ashore, watched Carrington and Strathgate fight it out under her very eyes and got clean away?"

"What mean you?" "I came here to make a proposition

to you."

"A proposition to me?" "Yes."

"You have a fast ship at your command, I take it."

"Do you mean the Britannia?" said the admiral, mentioning his flagship. "I do."

"Of course she's fast. The admiralty know me. I wouldn't take a slow

ship." "Is she as fast as that merchantman, do you think?"

"Why, my boy, there isn't a merchant ship on the seas that she couldn't overhaul in anything like a wind." "Admiral," said Sir Charles ingenuously, "I lay you a wager."

"What is that?" overtake that merchant ship."

take out one of his majesty's ships to her was her husband. She knew that chase after a runaway wife and a fool- in some way they had concluded that ish girl?"

refer to Mistress Deborah Slocum, I to catch that ship. She was experimust ask you to moderate your language," protested Sir Charles, warmly, his face flushing.

"Go to! go to!" laughed the admiral. "I'm old enough to be your father. But the idea of an admiral of the white taking a hundred gun fusal of the captain of the ship to ship-of-the-line out to chase a paitry merchantman for-Impossible, my boy, impossible!"

"But," said Sir Charles, "the navy cannot afford to decline a bet, a wager with its sister service. I'll lay you a thousand pounds, admiral, that you can't do It"

"My lad," said the admiral gently, after a moment's reflection, "no wagers are needed. I'll do it because I'm fond of the girl and Carrington, too. I can overhaul them before nightfall without doubt and I'll be glad to do it, although just exactly what warrant I have for stopping an American ship on the high seas and taking from her another man's wife I can hardly say."

"I can help you in that, admiral. As to warrant, if you'll bring to the other ship and give me a boat crew, I'll go aboard the American and do the rest. Mistress Deborah, I am sure, will come willingly."

"Don't be too sure of that," returned the admiral, "don't count upon a woman until she's your own, and don't count too much upon her after that,

"Nevertheless, I think I speak by

the card," said Bir Charles.

"Very well, you know best. Having been a bachelor all my life, I know more about ships than women. but hark ye, Seton, this one thing. Don't you come back to the ship after I put you aboard that trader, with only Miss Deborah. The two have to come together, or go together, you understand?" "Yes, sir,"

The admiral struck the bell on the table beside him. Instantly the marine orderly popped in the door.

"My compliments to the officer of the deck," said the admiral to the orderly, "and ask him to beg Captain Beatty to favor me with his presence in the cabin."

"Yes, sir," returned the orderly, saluting.

A moment after—an incredibly short time it seemed to Seton, who was unaware of the way in which an admiral's requests are obeyed-Captain Beatty, the officer mentionel, present ed himself before the admiral.

"You wish to see me, admiral?" "Yes, Beatty. By the way, let me resent to you Sir Charles Seton of

his majesty's land forces. Seton, this Seton rapidly detailed the circum- is the Honorable Archibald Beatty, my flag captain. Beatty, will you get

"Yes, sir," returned the captain.

"No," answered the admiral, "signal to the rest of them to disregard the movements of the commander-inchief. Then signal to the Renown for Lascelles to take command until we

"Very good, sir," returned the captain. "And what course shall we lay?" "That which will get us into the channel quickest, and then as due east as the wind will let us. I'll be on deck, however, before you're ready for that."

"There are several boat parties ashore, admiral, do you wish me to wait for them?"

"No, sir, you will weigh at once." "Very good sir," returned the captain, saluting and turning away.

"And Beatty," the admiral called after him, "a drop of navy sherry with me before you go."

"Thank you, admiral," said Beatty, filling his glass. "I'll give you a toast, Sir Charles,"

sald the admiral. "Yes," returned the soldier,

"A short cruise and the women at the end of it!" "I drink to that with all my heart!"

returned Sir Charles. "And I also," said Captain Beatty, greatly mystified, "although I don't understand exactly."

"We're going to chase a Yankee merchant ship, Beatty, and take a couple of ladies in whom Sir Charles is interested off of it."

"A couple!" cried Beatty. "I'm only interested in one of them." said Sir Charles warmly.

"It's a runaway sweetheart and a runaway wife, Beatty," continued the admiral, "Lady Carrington and Mis-

"And which one is Sir Charles Inter-

ested in?" asked the sailor, smiling. "In Mistress Slocum, of course," laughed the admiral. "Now, captain," he continued, assuming his quarterdeck manner, "I want you to get the "She hasn't got away yet, admiral." ship under way in the quickest possible time. Let's show this land lubber here what his manesty's navy can do when it's in dead earnest. Imagine there are a dozen Frenchmen out there, all boiling for a fight, and bear a hand!"

"Ay, ay, sir," said Beatty, saluting

and withdrawing from the cabin. A moment later there came faintly through the bulkheads the shrill whistling of the boatswain and his mates, followed by a deep cry:

"All hands up anchor!"

CHAPTER XV. Captain Jeremiah Tuggles Is Insulted. It was a moment of splendid tri-

umph for the heroine of this mad escapade wien she drew under the lee of the great ship tremendously above her. Her eyes were as keen as Car-"A hundred pounds that you can't rington's. She had recognized, or divined, that the tall figure standing on "What!" roared the admiral. "Me the rail of the larger boat staring at she would try to escape on the mer-"I beg your pardon, admiral, if you chantman and that they were trying nced enough, also, to know efforts would be futile and their trouble in vain. There was only on possible contingency which could prevent the accomplishment of her desires now, and that would be the restop for her when she ran him down.

Ellen had a well-filled purse and she hoped to persuade him with that. At any rate, she kept recklessly on, although the little boat came near to swamping and Deborah, between terror and disappointment, was in a state of collapse. Ellen boldly ran down under the lee of the big ship. By skillful handling she brought her boat within hailing distance of the merchantman.

A man stepped on the rail to leeward and stared hard at her.

"What ship is this?" asked Ellen. "The Flying Star of Boston." Ellen's heart sank.

"I thought it was the New Eagle of Philadelphia," she cried. "She sailed vesterday."

"Where are you bound?" asked Ellen, fighting against the sinking of



"What Could It Mean?"

heart caused by this news. "For Bordeaux and then to Boston." "Take me aboard of you." "We're not shorthanded," replied the other.

"I mean as a passenger." "Can you pay your passage?" came

from the ship, For reply Ellen held up a well-filled

The man nodded to her, disappeared inboard, and presently came back followed by an older sailor.

"Who be ye?" cried the older man, apparently the captain of the ship. "My name's Carrington," answered

"Are ye fugitives from justice?"

asked the captain, "No, no, I swear we're not."

"He ye a runaway couple?" "Yes, yes," answered Ellen, grasping at the suggestion presented by the captain's misconception of the situa-

And indeed they were a runaway couple, though not exactly of the kind the captain meant.

"And them bonts yonder, are they ply." chasin' you?" "They are," cried Ellen. "Won't

you take us aboard?" "Well, I don't know," said the cap tain, slowly. "I guess so. I don't want to heave to, them boats to port is chasin' hard."

"If you'll make a half-board, I'll run the boat alongside of you and we'll manage to get aboard."

"All right," said the captain. He spoke to the helmaman and a moment after the sails slatted in the wind, the big ship swung up toward the breeze and ranged ahead, her way clearly checked.

Ellen acted promptly. Before the big ship swung up into the wind she had run her little boat alongside. She dropped sail, ran forward and took a turn with a painter across the forechains. She let the boat drift aft until it came abreast the battens on the side, leading up the gangway. Up this she drove Debbie, reluctant, protesting, frightened out of her wits. Indeed it was a hard climb for a girl cabin. unused to such performances and encumbered by her skirts. Shoved by until hands reached through the gangway dragged her to safety. Ellen followed quickly after her.

oust, what of her?

asked the captain. "She's no use to us any longer," answered Ellen, enduring the keen scrutiny of the old saflor as best she might. "You may have her, captain."

risen. Over her head Capt. Tuggles "Here, Bud," said the captain to an old sallor, "jes' drop down the forechains and make that boat fast. We'll swing her up on deck after awhile, if she a worth it. Now, sir-" he looked harder than ever at Ellen, "what did you say your name was?"

"Carrington," answered the ess thoughtlessly, "Ellen-"

"Ellen!" exclaimed the captain, "Gee Whilikins! I thought so. And this young lady?" he turned to Deborah. "My name's Slocum, Deborah Slo-

cum of Massachusetts, of Boston. I

should like to get ashore." "Young ladies," said the captainand at that word Ellen knew that all her hopes of concealment were blasted-"what's the cause of this, I don't know. Why you're masqueradin' in boy's clothes, ma'am, I can't tell. I take it that the other is a female in

spite of her woman's riggin'." "Yes, you may be sure of that." whimpered Deborah with difficulty repressing a strong inclination to cry. "Captain," began Ellen, resolutely, "you've guessed the truth. I am a

"Lord love you; you didn't expect to disguise it, did you?" said the captain, laughing grimly. "I never thought anything about it,"

said Ellen, "I was so anxious to get "To get away from whom? I thought

you was a lover and his lass."

"We're not," cried Debble, indignantly: "she's trying to escape from her husband, and I-" "An' you, miss?"

"I'm not trying to escape from any body. I want to go ashore! Won't you put me ashore, captain?" "Hardly," said the captain, dryly.

"You've come aboard and I guess you'll have to stay unless I heave to and wait for one of them other boats." "What is your name?" asked Ellen.

"Tuggles," said the captain, "Capt. Jeremiah Tuggles, at your service." "Capt. Tuggles," said Ellen, "did you ever hear of Capt. William Penn Slocum of Philadelphia?"

That I have, miss." "He was my father." "Oho!" said the captain. "Are you the Pennsylvania girl that married the English lord?"

"And is the English lord in one of them boats out yonder?" "He is."

"I am."

"An' you're tryin' to git away from him? "Indeed, I am. He has used me ernelly."

"Well," said the captain, podding thoughtfully as if he understood it all, "for the honor of America I'll do all I can to help you. An' you, miss?" turning to Debbie.

"I'm not trying to get away from any English lord," answered Debbie, "but there's a gentleman-"

She stopped. "Well, I'm very sorry for you, Rentals miss," said Capt. Tuggles, "but the best I can do is to take you with your friend. You can get off at Bordeaux and go-where you please, meanwhile the ship is yours. "Will those boats catch us, cap-

tain?" queried Ellen, stepping slowly across the deck to the landward side. "Not if I don't want 'em to," said Tuggles, grimly. "Mr. Manthy," he added, turning to a surly-looking mate who was pacing the quarterdeck, "the breeze is fresh'nin', better give her more sail. An' we've had enough of southin', better set our course for the east'ard until we get well up the channel. You're sate, miss. There ain't no small boat in England that can overhaul Jeremich Tuggles an' the Flying Star, an' there ain't many

ships can do it, either." "Are you sure, captain?" "Sartin," said the captain.

Ellen did a strange thing. She ran across the deck to the gangway, leaned far over it, lifted her hat and waved it three or four times at the boats vainly pursuing. Then not waiting for a return of her salute, she rejoined the captain.

"If you please, captain," she said, "we'd like to have something to eat and a place to sleep. We've had nothing but hard tack and water since yesterday morning, and what sleep we got we had to take in the cutter."

"You shall have everything the ship affords," said Capt. Tuggles, a worthy seaman, "there's only one thing within reason that I can't sup-

"And what is that?"

"Female toggery," answered the captain. "I don't need that. I like these clothes," returned the girl, boldly,

The captain himself took the two below. He called his cabin boy and set before them a prodigious quantity of substantial fare. They were both hungry enough to have eaten ruder provision with a hearty zest. When their appetite was stayed, the captain showed them to a cabin with two berths in it. Both women were so tired that recriminations which trembled in the air were deferred until they had taken needed rest. Dressed as they were, each crawled into her respective berth and soon was sound asleep.

It was dark before either awoke, What disturbed her, Ellen could not tell, but she suddenly found herself sitting up in her berth listening to a faint hall that came down the wind and through the open air port into the

A voice said gruffly:

"This is his majesty's ship-of-the-Ellen, however, the girl clambered up line Britannia. Heave to and I'll send a boat aboard." "The Britannia!" exclaimed Ellen

under her breath, "Admiral Kenhard's flagship!" What could it mean? She rose to ber feet and stepped to the port hole. It was pitch dark outside. She could

was replying. "What do you want with me?" he

see nothing. The moon had not yet

cried, roughly. "You'll find out," answered a voice from the darkness, "when we send a boat aboard." A moment after Ellen caught a

glimpse of the running light of a large ship slowly closing upon the Flying Star. Other lights gleamed from port holes here and there, bringing the huge liner in fair view. "This is the high seas," answered Capt. Tuggles, with great spirit. "Tm

a peaceful merchantman from the United States, and I'm damned if I'll heave to for anybody." Brave Capt. Tuggles! Ellen thrilled in her soul, but she knew that the game was up. No merchantman could

brave a war vessel, and one flying an admiral's flag at that, with impunity. The next instant a gun flashed from the side of the ship-of-the-line and a deep boom rolled across the black

water.

"If you don't heave to," cried the voice from the other ship, "the next shot'll go into you." To hesitate longer was madness, Ellen could hear Capt. Tuggles dash his trumpet to the deck and the r

ute his hoarse voice bidding the watch swing the main yard. The ship slowly shot up into the wind and presently lay still. On the ship-of-the-line Ellen could hear the shrill whistling of pipes and hoarse voices calling away the crew of the cutter. Unless she acted immediately she was lost. The shipof-the-line could have overhauled the merchantman only for her.

She turned from the porthole to find Deborah, who had been awakened by the cannon shot, standing half dazed at her side. "Debbie," she cried, "Tve changed

my mind." "What do you mean?" asked Deborah. "I'm going back to Portsmouth."

"Well, I'm glad you've come to your senses at last." "Yes," said Lady Ellen, "there's a ship out there which has just ordered Capt. Tuggles to heave to, to stop his ship, that is. We must escape her."

"I don't know. It may be a Frenchman, or a pirate, or- At any rate, our only chance is to get away while they are busy. They'll never notice us." "How will you do it?" asked Debo-

"Whose ship is it?"

ashore?"

rah. "Ask Capt. Tuggles to set you (To be continued.)

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